

1972

# Independent Republic Quarterly, 1972, Vol. 6, No. 1

Horry County Historical Society

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# **The Independent Republic Quarterly**

VOL. 6

JANUARY, 1972

NO. 1



C. B. SEABORN

**Edited for The Horry County Historical Society**

**by**

**Florence Theodora Epps, 514 Main Street, Conway, S. C. 29526**



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THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY

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The county with a heart  
That will win your heart.  
- Ernest Richardson

Official Publication of The Horry County Historical  
Society

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Contributions from members and friends of the Society are invited.

Should you become disputatious over any item published herein, be assured that all information has been verified to me by the informant named and accepted by me in good faith.  
The Editor

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NOTICE

It is still necessary for us to use this economy format, to reduce the number of pages, to print across the page rather than in columns, and to separate pictures from articles. As soon as the \$14,000 1880 Census debt is paid, we may be able to return to our former status or to a more professional format.  
The Editor

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The Independent Republic Quarterly Published quarterly by the Horry County Historical Society, 514 Main Street, Conway, S. C. 29526. Second Class mail privileges pending.



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A GENTLE FOX

C. B. Seaborn, Superintendent of Schools

Conway, 1926-1947

At the time of Colie Seaborn's death in Columbia, April 26, 1961, many tributes were paid to him by state officials in the Department of Education, officers of other state departments, Health, Education and Welfare officers in Washington, his clubs and church. True as they were to his character, none that I read told nor could have told of incidents during his 21 years' tenure in Horry that endeared him to pupil, teacher, and patron.

Early in the fall of 1941, a new girl in town came to me for speech and dramatic lessons, saying that Mr. Seaborn had sent her. I never knew how he knew that I had helped organize the Aiken Little Theatre and directed its Children's Theater, but his ears were ever open to the interests of others and he lost no opportunity to pass on helpful hints. Later that year during my Christmas holidays in Atlanta, Mr. Seaborn phoned to offer me a position in the Conway High School English Department. I hastened home where he met me at the bus, bringing the former teacher's records and explaining the requirements of the course.

I quickly sensed the steady hand that Mr. Seaborn held on the pulse of his school. Teachers knew in advance what was expected of them. There were never shocks, insults, overnight demands, nor duplication of records. He may have considered a teacher unwise, but he never said so in a belittling way to her or to a patron or child. He called assemblies only on occasion and never did I attend one that was disorderly. He always presided, was always on time, and when he stepped forward, there was a feeling of confident expectation from the audience. His dignity, sense of humor, impeccable taste in words and subject matter never veered. He never failed to thank teacher, pupil, or visitor for the program. If he addressed the children, they gave him their attentive respect and laughed wholeheartedly at his unfailing gentle humor.

Whether telling jokes or not, his humor lay in his use of words exemplifying his understanding of character. His expressive voice and mobile face could show grief or indignation. I once heard him say feelingly to a man whose bird dog had died in a hunting accident: "I'm sorry to hear about your dog." His announcements were terse. He was distressed over the burning of Whittemore High School. It was war time, help and materials were scarce and there were no hydrants near the building. He announced over the loudspeaker system: "You know where the Whittemore School was....Well, it's not there any more." He concluded an indignant two-sentence reprimand concerning table manners in the lunch room: "I just want to tell you I've seen hogs before."

During a rehearsal of the first play I directed in Conway High, I discovered the orchestra pit full of chairs, hindering my access to the stage, so I disrupted the arrangement. The next day he told me they were band chairs placed there for practice. Always professional and ethical, he simply said, "We have to live together here, so the best way is to get along."

I never went into his office to choose a play date without his calling in the athletic coach. Without fuss or apology to either of us, he defined our dates and made clear to each that we stick to them. In six years there was never a conflict between the departments, though Mr. Seaborn had been an outstanding athlete, having played professional baseball.

Some called Mr. Seaborn lazy. His long time janitor said once to a secretary who had sent for him, "He ain't chere, he car gone an' he sho' 'to Gawd ain't gwine t' walk nowheres." This was a shallow judgment because, while his carefully chosen principal



and secretary were conducting the business of the school, he was subtly guiding and overseeing it all. He made no outward signs of busy-ness, but was always accessible and attended to matters instantly.

One morning while driving down town, he discovered two boys cutting school, picked them up and drove them back to school and suspended them. His punishments were just and reasonable and were accepted.

In the war years graduation was speeded up. One troublesome candidate for graduation committed the then punishable misdemeanor of speaking rudely and sullenly to his teacher. She reported his remark to Mr. Seaborn, who called the lad in. Pulling out the boy's diploma, he said, "Now you drop out of line tonight. I'm going to hold your diploma till you can come to me and say 'I'm a man.'" After the war the veteran returned to the superintendent's office and announced, "Mr. Seaborn, I'm a man!" Mr. Seaborn opened his desk drawer and handed the diploma over to the young man.

Mr. Seaborn rejoiced in the success of each child, each teacher. Though there was a special bond between him and Miss Alma Lewis, head of the English Department and Dean of Girls (without recompense), never was favoritism evident, nor did the relationship create ill feeling among the faculty. Both enjoyed the confidence of students and teachers. Each possessed an intangible inner strength, judgment, perception, good will, earthy humor, love and concern for others and was without a jealous bone in his body. 'Twas natural that these two should mutually understand and rely on one another.

In the spring of 1942, after my direction of LITTLE WOMEN as a Senior Class play, Mr. Seaborn installed a Speech and Dramatics department in the high school. Miss Evelyn Snider was to teach Bible dramatics touring with Bible class plays (of her own writing) and I was to teach Speech and Dramatics aimed at training talented children in play production by the entire school. I knew that the root of my program's success lay in his interest and unfailing aid without which we could not have accomplished so many productions nor developed so many children now grown yet still serving their church and community or earning a living in the dramatic arts.

After the opening night of LETTERS TO LUCERNE, a World War II play, Mr. Seaborn called Miss Alma and me in to tell me that the soldier's goodbye kiss was too long. He said he didn't think he had ever kissed a girl that long. Alma quickly accused: "What was wrong with you?" Laughing all over, he waved us out.

Miss Alma often said, "I could go into his office, mad, absolutely in orbit. Come out just as calm, but I didn't always get things the way I thought I wanted them. Remember how he always asked you to sit down in his office. 'Sit down, sit down,' he'd say. One of his favorite expressions was 'As smart as I am.' For instance, if he came into my room and all the children were working, he'd say, 'As smart as I am, I couldn't do any better.'"

He often hired inexperienced teachers by contact with J. McTyiere Daniel at the University of South Carolina and someone at Winthrop because he said teachers have to have experience and the schools should give it to them under guidance so they'd develop.

A young teacher whom Mr. Seaborn had engaged arrived after he left Conway. She was from a prominent family in the state and told me that she had waited long to get here, that teachers all over the state wanted to teach in Conway under Mr. Seaborn. This expectation thwarted, she resigned at the end of the year.

He never demanded; he suggested or requested. All but two teachers took the teachers' exam two years before it was mandatory. All joined the county and state associations because he'd say he was going to join.

After the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 Mr. Seaborn addressed the Conway Pilot Club. He said that the decision would tear up the public school system and the idea was unthinkable, but added "As smart as I am, I don't know what we can do about it."

I recall Alma's saying at a county teachers' meeting, "Whenever he gets up, I'm always proud he's my superintendent."



Miss Mercedes Massey, English and Spanish teacher under Mr. Seaborn, used to say of his sentence structure, "It's so flawless, it's a pleasure to listen to him. I sit there and diagram each sentence as he speaks." Miss Alma says his perfect structure was the result of his reading Edgar Allan Poe over and over. If you listened carefully, you'd catch traces of Poe's prose.

During Mr. Seaborn's administration Harold McCown came to Conway Grammar School as a young principal. Chuckling as he reminisced, Harold told me, "One day, feeling good, I came whistling down the hall. Mr. Seaborn was in the building around the corner and couldn't see me. He called down, 'Cut out that noise!'"

"One summer Mr. Seaborn, my brother Wilbur and I went to the University at Columbia. One day I looked out of my room across the hall to his and I saw Mr. Seaborn butting his head along the walls. I called, 'What in the world are you doing?'"

"I'm trying to get something in my head," he said."

We agreed Mr. Seaborn was an exceptional man with the ability to endear himself to others. "But he was tricky," Harold smiled.

"Yes," I nodded, "he was a gentle fox."

Harold continued: "During the war men teachers were leaving and the high school had a number of athletes that I had trained in grammar school. When Mr. Seaborn lost his coach, he came over here, head hanging down, 'Oh, what am I going to do? Brown has gone, has gone, now my coach has gone. I've got nobody to coach them.'"

"I was young and eager, so I said, 'I'll do it!'"

"Same thing happened with the band director. When he left, Mr. Seaborn came, head hanging low, 'Harold, what'll I do? My band director has gone. I've got nobody to lead the band.'"

"I'll do it!" said I. And so for the duration of the war, I went daily to the high school at one o'clock for band practice and remained all afternoon for football, basketball and baseball, in season, without remuneration."

In answer to my inquiry, Gwendolyn Randall Little (Mrs. William Paul, Sr.), Mr. Seaborn's former secretary, now of Tampa, wrote:

First of all, perhaps the nicest tribute anyone could pay to Mr. Seaborn's popularity was what Mr. Hamp Long from the Maple community (Reuben's father, long since dead) said of him: "Mrs. Little, Mr. Seaborn's leaving Conway is a terrible loss to this community. He wasn't above coming out to see us farmers and sitting down under a shade tree to talk. He was just one of us, and we all loved him."

One day he came into the office after a visit over to Conway Elementary School and announced, "Well, I've got a new job chauffeuring."

I looked up and said, "Chauffeuring whom?"

He said, "Your daughter, Patrel."

It turned out that at the time he had a car identical to a very good friend of mine, and as Patrel came out of school to go home, she spotted the car. Thinking it was my friend's car, she crawled into the back seat to get a ride home. When Mr. Seaborn came out, Patrel was calmly sitting there, patiently waiting. He said, "Hello, Patrel, where do you want to go?"

She gently replied, "Home." So he took her home, she got out, thanked him and walked up the front steps. Incidentally, Patrel was in the first grade at the time.

He came in one day, also when Patrel was in the first grade, and announced, "Your daughter pulled a fast one today."

By that time I was beginning not to be surprised at any happenings, so I said, "What did she do today?"

He said, "She just disappeared and had all of us hunting all over the school for her. Pretty soon we spied her coming back, led by your cook."

When asked where she had been, Patrel replied, "I went home to ride my bicycle." It had been recess time, but Patrel had thought school was out.



The time was February of some year and Miss Ernestine Little had been telling her first grade class about George Washington and his upcoming birthday. When the school gathered in the auditorium for a suitable birthday program, Mr. Seaborn came out on the stage and one of Miss Little's pupils said in a clearly audible whisper, "Miss Little, is that George Washington?"

Well Florence, right now this is all that comes to mind, except that, having taught under him yourself, you will readily remember that when anybody, teacher, student, or parent, came in to see him in a disgruntled frame of mind, he promptly had him sit down and he always listened patiently to everything he had to say. In his unequalled way he smoothed his ruffled feelings and he went out with a smile on his face, even though he might not have gotten what he wanted.

Thank you for asking me. It brought back many pleasant memories.

Often it was difficult for the Superintendent and his secretary to keep a straight face. Imagine the control they exercised when a female bus student came in to report a boy's misbehavior on the bus. She repeatedly accused him of W.H.T. "What is that?" Mr. Seaborn asked, patient but puzzled.

"Wandering hand trouble," she explained.

Though a smoker himself, Mr. Seaborn would not smoke during school hours. "If they can't smoke, I don't think I should," he said, for in those years students were not allowed to smoke on the school grounds.

In 1930, Coleman Blease Seaborn married Lula Sweet of Conway. She has told me that among her husband's favorite poems are "What Constitutes a School" by Henry Van Dyke, Kipling's "L'Envoi" and "If", the last verses of Sam W. Foss' "The House by the Side of the Road" and W. C. Bryant's "Thanatopsis." He often read Van Dyke's "How to Keep Christmas."

There are certain persons at the mention of whose names faces brighten and voices grow warm. C. B. Seaborn was one of these. In the ten Horry schools where I now teach speech therapy, not one teacher or principal to whom I mentioned the subject of this article failed to say, "He was a great fellow," or "I loved him so."

The little Prince in the book of the same name by Antoine de Saint Exupery\* meets a fox who begs the Little Prince to tame him. "If you tame me," he says, "it will be as if the sun came to shine on my life. I shall know the step that shall be different from all the others. Other steps send me hurrying underneath the ground. Yours will call me, like music, out of my burrow. If you want a friend, tame me."

"What must I do to tame you?"

The fox tells him to go look at a bed of roses to discover that the roses look alike to others, but won't to him. "Then come back to say good-bye to me and I will make you a present of a secret."

The Little Prince obeys and learns that the beautiful roses are not like his rose because he has watered and cared for his. He returns to the fox, who says, "And now here is my secret. It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose."

C. B. Seaborn tamed his school. Pupils and teachers loved him for it. He felt responsible for us. He saw with his heart essential, invisible things.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The Little Prince by Antoine de Saint Exupery translated from the French by Katherine Woods, Published by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. N. Y.



## CHILDHOOD ON AN HORRY FARM

Foy Stevenson

Recalling the days of kerosene lamps, we marvel that women who washed, ironed, and swept by hand, cooked laboriously on wood stoves, and cared for large families ever found time to sit long enough to produce the daintily stitched christening dresses, intricately designed and quilted bed covers, exquisite crocheted lace and tatting, handpainted china, and other handwork they left as treasured heirlooms for their descendants. Conversely, we wonder what farm children of the early century, lacking movies, television, carpools, record players, and factory-made toys, did for entertainment.

My three sisters--Charlotte, Lalla, and Sarah and I were born on the Stevenson farm near Loris, South Carolina, in Horry County, in the first decade of the century. "There wasn't much to entertain children then," says Charlotte, "except the people, and I noticed everything they did and said." She recalls her childhood vividly from the time she was three. The eldest of the girls, whose ages ran consecutively, she was the recognized leader in their self-generated activities.

One of our favorite diversions was to bring our dolls or other toys to Mamma with the request, "Mamma, make my doll talk." She would then put words into the doll's mouth and carry on an entertaining conversation with the child through the imagined personality of the doll. This animation of our toys, antedating Walt Disney, Edgar Bergen, and their followers, delighted us.

Certainly Papa would receive our unanimous vote in a private Oscar competition. Though we knew to keep our distance and not rile him when he was not in the mood for children, we could sense his tender moments and would flock to him, filling his lap to overflowing, to listen to an Uncle Remus story. He was a raconteur par excellence of these tales and brought the excitement of story theater to our family room. He narrated the stories with gusto, using all the expression the vivid words and his body English could convey. As colorful and expressive as Harris' language is in the original, Papa added more flavor by coining his own onomatopoeic words to describe the speech and actions of the characters. The children in his lap and clustered around him hung not only on his knees but on his every word. Viscerally involved, we were held enthralled.

Papa gathered us all one day and took us for a walk in the woods. At sight of turtle tracks on the banks of the lake, he suddenly dropped the hands of the children on either side and intently followed the trail in the sand. It led to a spot where he knew a nest was concealed. He dug in the sand until he uncovered and extracted several eggs.

The nature walk ended there, adjourned for a feast of turtle eggs at the house. Papa boiled the eggs himself and heartily relished the treat. We sampled them but without enjoyment. Only the yolks hardened in the boiling and we refused to eat soft egg whites.

In conjunction with his farm operations, Papa ran a commissary adjacent to the house for the benefit of the tenants. Mamma took from the commissary all the cloth she needed for her household sewing. We children also had free access to the store and often drifted in and out among the customers to get a bait\* of brown sugar or to pick up a peanut candy bar, a box of cracker jacks, or cookies. We especially enjoyed the cracker jacks, as much for the prize inside the box as for the sweet morsels.

About mid-morning one day Charlotte, Lalla, and Sarah went to the store to get some cracker jacks. Charlotte found her prize to be a small tin hand, with a pointing index finger. When she showed it to her two little sisters, her imagination took a wild leap.

"This finger is telling us where to go," she announced importantly.

Excited, they started following the finger to some fancied and magic destination. First down the cotton patch furrows they went, then up the road, across a ditch, into the woods, down a winding pathway--the finger led them inexorably onward.

\*Bait --local expression meaning enough.



They trudged doggedly ahead until their legs began to give way under them. Little by little doubt assailed them and they wondered if following the finger was as much fun as they had thought it would be and what their tiresome quest was really for, after all.

"I'm tired," complained Sarah.

They sat down a while to rest. Then they spied a scaly bark tree and paused long enough to eat some of the nuts.

"I want to go home," Lalla admitted.

"I don't know the way," murmured Charlotte.

By this time, disillusioned in the all-knowing finger, they knew nothing better to do than to stay there under the scaly bark tree and wait.

Meanwhile the children had been missed at the house and were not found in the store. They did not put in an appearance at dinner time and no one remembered seeing them for several hours.

Papa rang the farm bell to summon all hands from the fields to help search for the missing youngsters. Mamma, of course, was in the vanguard of the searching party.

Lalla was the first to spy Mamma's anxious face through the bushes. Joyously she leaped to her feet and ran down the straw-strewn path as fast as her pudgy legs could carry her, her arms stretched forward. She reached Mamma and embraced her voluminous skirts.

"O Mamma!" she cried. "I had forgotten how you looked!"

One morning Charlotte and Lalla turned Becky, the cow, into the pasture to graze. Charlotte noticed, as the cow cropped grass against the enclosure, that the fence was just about the same height as Becky's back. An idea popped into her head.

"Lalla," she suggested, "if you climb this fence, you can get up on Becky's back and ride her."

Always ready for fun, Lalla climbed the fence and jumped from it onto the cow's back. Becky, grazing, was startled and gave a sudden lunge, sending Lalla tumbling to the ground. Lalla got up, unhurt but indignant. She picked up a loose railing from the fence and lammed gentle old wondering Becky with all her might.

Egg hunts were a common pastime on the farm. The children not only had fun stalking stealthy hens to their nests but felt very self-important when Mamma bragged on them for their sharpness in sying out the nests and retrieving the eggs. Her compliments only spurred them on to greater cunning and daring.

Observing a Dominicker come cackling out from under the barn one morning, Lalla knew the hen must have a secret nest of eggs there and was determined to find it. The space under the beams permitted her to crawl for about six yards, then the opening began to narrow. At that point she still had not found the nest, so she flattened out on her stomach and began to propel herself with her elbows and her toes. It was dark under the barn, but she knew she would be able to spot a nest of white eggs, and she kept inching herself along.

Suddenly she realized she could not go forward one inch farther. She would have to give up the search. She tried to back out. Something was caught. She pushed back again. Something was holding her. She exerted all her strength to dislodge herself. The more she struggled, the more tightly her plump frame became wedged under the beam. She then resorted to lung power and began to cry and call for help at the same time.

It must have been some time before her desperate cries were heard and heeded, for they were muffled by the distance and low ceiling from which they issued. She was eventually rescued, and the experience taught her to be more calculative of space and dimension.

Turkey hens were particularly tricky and elusive about their nests. As Charlotte and Lalla were playing in the yard one day, Mamma said:

"I want you two to watch that turkey and find out where she is hiding her eggs. She will try to fool you about where she is going and will sneak off in another direction, but I want you to watch her and find the eggs. Don't take your eyes off her."



The girls did as they were ordered. They followed the turkey at every turn she made. She strolled to the edge of the barnyard, saw they were following, then pretended she had only started for the water trough. She cocked a wary eye to see if they were still noticing. They were, so she walked importantly to the feed bin, resisting a strong impulse to dart off into the bushes along the way. She gulped down a crawful of food and stalked off, trying to devise a way to outwit her pursuers.

She feigned an interest in the nests in the fowl house and inspected them, Charlotte and Lalla hot on her trail. She returned to the chicken yard. Stepping high and cautiously, she maneuvered her devious way, covering her progress by stopping now and then to scratch and peck in the dirt. Charlotte and Lalla were right behind her. When she stopped to look furtively around, they stopped also and assumed an attitude of indifference. She strayed as far as the grapevine, then hesitated craftily. The girls paused too, trying to look unconcerned.

Suddenly the turkey lunged into the nearby thicket and disappeared. Charlotte and Lalla dashed into the brush after her and discovered her secluded hideaway. Mamma's pleasure and praise were ample reward for the cache of turkey eggs they proudly carried into the house.

Somewhere Charlotte read that the juice of a lemon was an aid in removing the accumulation of scorched grease and foods from pots and pans. Our kitchen utensils presented an excellent proving ground for the worth of this household hint. Mamma was away from home at the time.

"Let's fool Mamma," suggested Charlotte to Lalla and Sarah, using the four-letter word with the intended meaning of "surprise." "Let's clean the pots and pans with lemon juice while she's gone."

Lalla and Sarah fell eagerly in the scheme. To their dismay, they could not find any lemons.

"Here's some lemon extract," Charlotte said, bringing a bottle from the pantry. "Maybe it will do just as well."

They brought a supply of soft cloths, soaked them in lemon extract, and got to work, scrubbing hard on the kettle, frying-pan, and skillet. The bottle of extract was soon exhausted on the blackened cooking ware. Lalla ran to the commissary for more. With the fresh supply, they started working on the muffin tins, pie pans, and griddle. Again they ran out of lemon extract. It was Sarah's turn to go get more. They used up her bottle too before exhaustion overcame them and they stopped.

No transformation had been wrought in the appearance of the pots and pans that a similar scrubbing with lye soap could not have achieved. The element of surprise entered when Mamma saw the pile of grimy ranges and empty extract bottles in the kitchen.

Papa was one of the first farmers in Horry County to plant tobacco. He arranged for an expert Virginia planter to come to the farm and train him in the techniques of tobacco cultivation. The Virginia grower supervised the building of tobacco barns and showed Papa how to prepare beds, plant the seeds, cultivate and cure the crop, and perform all necessary operations of tobacco culture.

The children were not required to work in the fields, but they were taught how to "sucker" tobacco. They knew too to break off the flowering portion of the plant, as the tobacco fields were not allowed to come into flower. They did this work only at their pleasure, when they could find nothing better to do.

Papa had some very fine tobacco plants placed close to the house. He intended to let the plants seed and to use the seed to start the beds the following year. One day Charlotte noticed that the tobacco plants growing so lushly next to the house were in sad need of suckering. Not only that, but they had been neglected to the extent that tall shoots of lavender blossoms had been allowed to grow from them. Papa was away on business at the time.

Enlisting the aid of her little sisters, Charlotte directed the work of breaking off the suckers and flowering tops. The children all pitched in and worked zealously, sure their industry and initiative would win Papa's approbation.



On his return later that day, Papa took his customary chair on the porch as the children played in the yard. His eyes chanced to fall on his select tobacco plants, and he did a double-take. When he recovered from the initial shock, he stormed:

"Who in thundertation suckered that tobacco?"

"We did, Papa!" the children chimed gleefully, proud of their performance.

He was not only vexed but disappointed and frustrated in his prospects for next year's tobacco crop. Charlotte, as usual the ringleader in the mischief, was punished.

Farmers did not use pesticides on tobacco in those days. The fat green tobacco worms that infested the plants were plucked off by hand. The children knew how to find the worms and pick them off. Even though they were squeamish about touching the horned, juicy worms, they sometimes engaged in the activity as a pastime rather than as a required duty.

Papa told the girls he would give them a nickle for every tin can of worms they picked. That was a real incentive, for they did not see much money. They did not have to use it in the commissary and did not take many trips away from home where money would be required.

Each took a tin can and ran to the tobacco fields. They picked off the big fat worms and dropped them into the cans with great caution. The worms were soft and squashy, and they did not want to mash them. They wanted them to retain their full, natural size and rotundity so that they would take up as much space in the container as possible. The more canfuls of worms, the more nickels!

Never were tobacco worms handled with such tender care.

The entertainment problem dissolved after a fourth daughter was born into the household. The girls wheeled the baby in her carriage in and out among the chickens and livestock. Sometimes they pushed the cart as fast as they could run and, as it rounded corners at full speed, the baby learned to sway with the curves to maintain balance. As the child learned to walk, a sister would hold her hand on either side while the third walked behind to watch the fascinating motion of the legs, diapers, and hips at each step. It was high entertainment for the one watching the rear action, and they took turns at occupying this preferred observation post. With their new living toy, the girls had no need to look elsewhere for diversion.

THE F. G. BURROUGHS

from THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC, September 9, 1897

The new steamer being built by the Waccamaw Line of Steamers was launched here yesterday afternoon in the presence of about 200 people. It was scheduled to float at 12:30. Promptly as the signal went up from Captain Liddon's "look out" the handsome hull glided smoothly into the Waccamaw. As she cleared the shore, she was christened the "F. G. Burroughs". The historic bottle of sherry wine was used in the performance, and was gracefully wielded by Miss Ella Burroughs the sponsor.

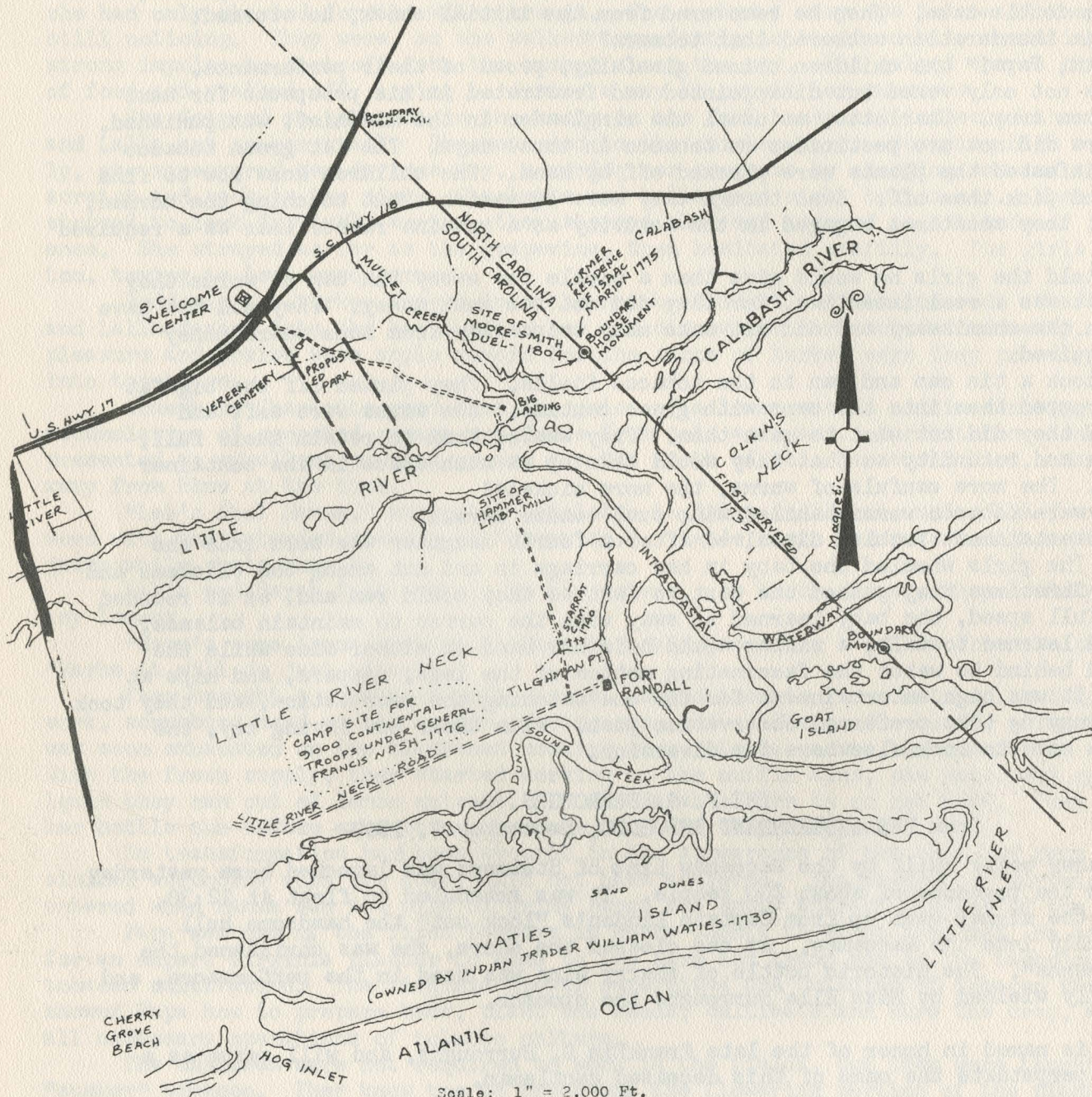
The steamer is named in honor of the late Franklin G. Burroughs, and will serve as a monument to perpetuate the name of this deceased gentleman.

(We think Ella was intended for Lella Burroughs, daughter of F. G. Mrs. Lucile Burroughs Godfrey, youngest daughter and last living child of F. G. and Adeline Cooper Burroughs was chosen to christen the boat, but as the time drew near, quailed at the occasion.)

\* \* \*

According to the June 22, 1905 issue of THE Horry Herald, schools were very poor, the Burroughs school in Conway offering the best hope for local youngsters. E. Van Best was elected Superintendent of Education and kept his office open only on Saturday. Schools in the country frequently completed the year in January or February.





Scale: 1" = 2,000 Ft.



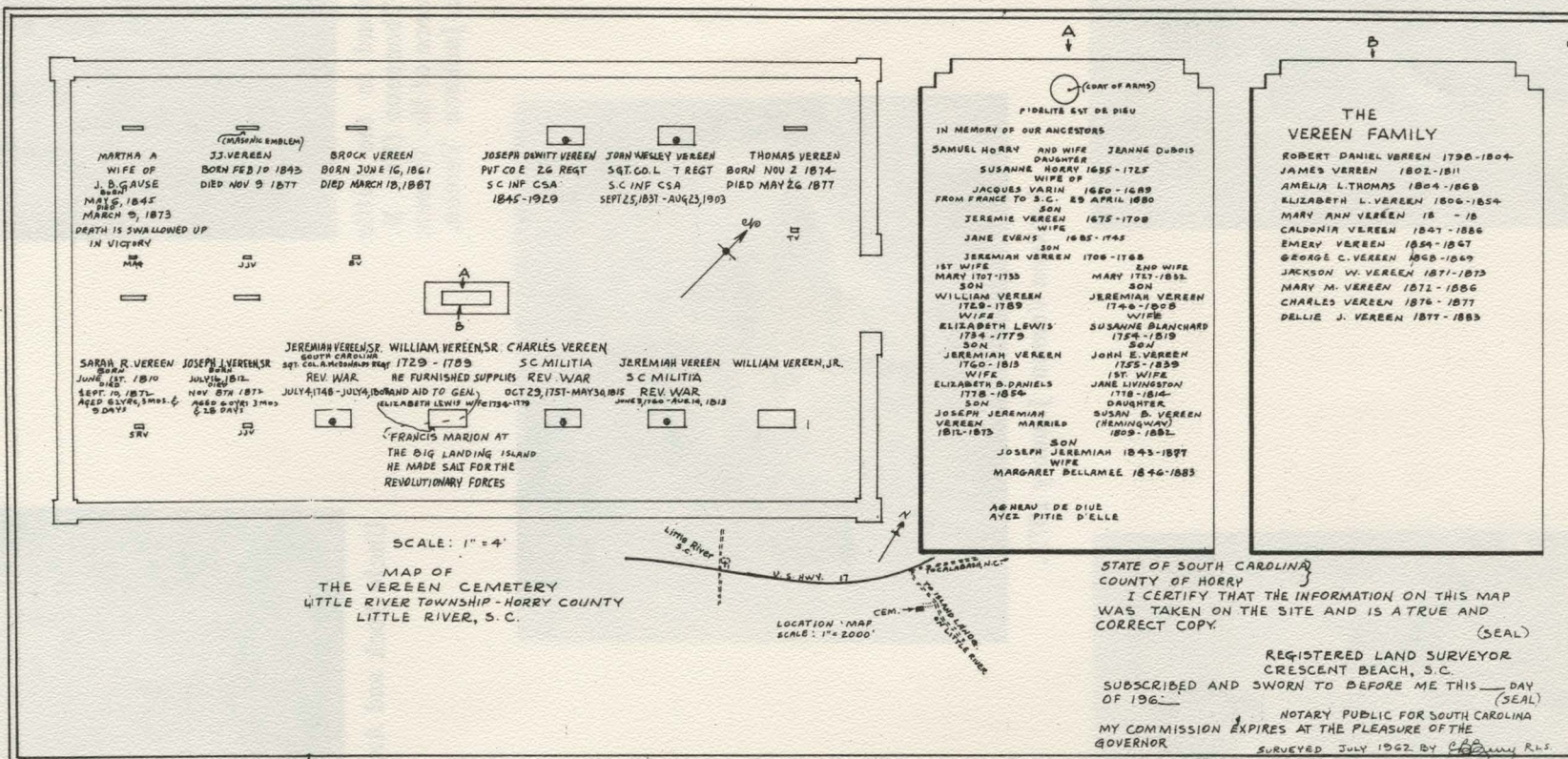
-Map of

VERREEN MEMORIAL GARDENS

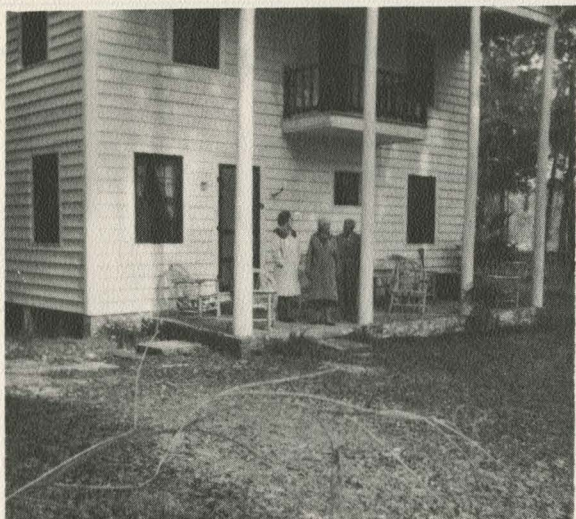
A Park Consisting of 115 Acres of Land  
Near Little River - Horry County, S. C.  
Granted for Development by Jackson H. Verreen  
to  
THE HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL COMMISSION

*C. B. Jerry*  
C. B. Jerry, Ed. L. S.  
North Myrtle Beach, S. C.  
February 5, 1972





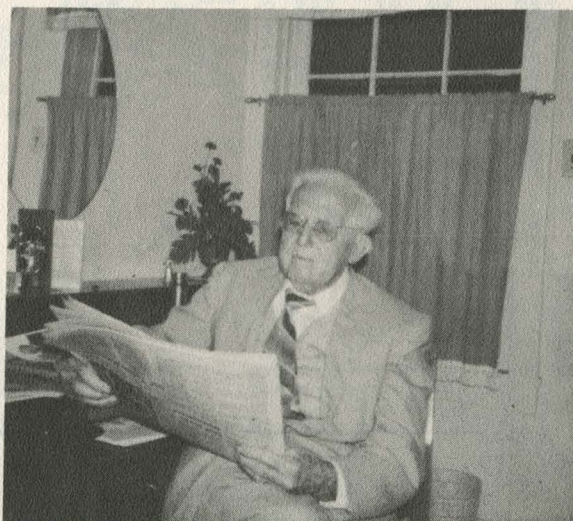




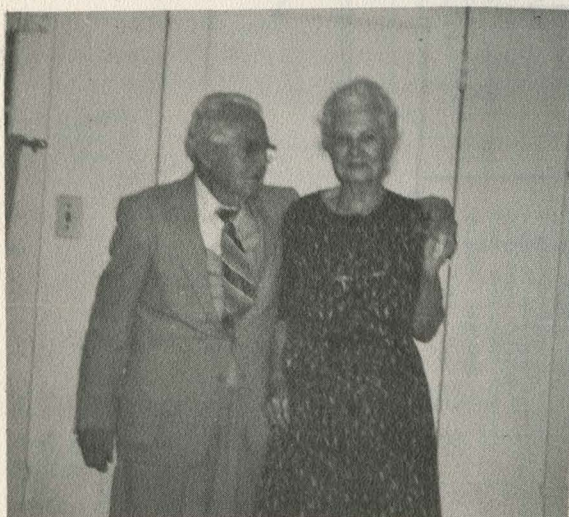
At Big Landing, an island in the Little River. Eatofel Vereen Thompson (Mrs. M. A.) of Crescent Beach, niece of Mr. Vereen; Mrs. Mattie Vereen, Mr. Jackson Vereen, January 1972.



Uncle Jack and Aunt Mattie, January 1972.



Jackson Vereen, January 1972.



Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Vereen, January 1972.



Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Vereen, Mr. Vereen, January 1972.



THE HORRY COUNTY VEREENS

Presented to the Horry County Historical Society - Jan. 10, 1972

C. B. BERRY

Tonight, we have what I consider a most interesting subject for our program, which is the Horry County Vereens. The greatest problem with such a program, however, is presenting the information which has been collected on this family. I am sure that if an attempt was made to tell you everything I have collected on this family, that there would not be enough time if I talked all night to relate it all. For this reason, we will skip about here and there and hit a few of the highlights of the information on hand.

The Vereens have been in South Carolina since shortly after the settlement of the colony and by studying this family, we learn a great deal of South Carolina history.

The original Vereens seemed to have been French Huguenots, and it was many of these people who came to America seeking religious freedom. I might describe briefly who the French Huguenots were. In 1598, King Henry IV of France published a law that gave much freedom to the Huguenots (a name for the French Protestant subjects). This law was greatly disliked by the Roman Catholic clergy who had much control in the French Parliament but were forced to accept it by the king. After many years, the Huguenots grew powerful and threatened to take control of the government but this threat was crushed by the Roman Catholic rulers; and the Edict of Nantes, the name of the law which had given freedom to the Huguenots, was repealed in 1685. By repealing this law, the French Protestants were deprived of all civil and religious liberty. It was at this time that the Huguenots began to flee from France to England and America seeking freedom. Our history books tell us that many of our settlers in South Carolina came seeking religious freedom.

We are familiar with the French Huguenot settlement on the Santee river where many worshiped at the old St. Thomas and St. Dennis Churches. The Rev. Jean LaPierre, a French speaking minister, was sent by the Bishop of London, in 1708, to preach at St. Dennis because the older worshipers at that church could not speak English.

So with this Huguenot information, we have a reason why the people left their homes to settle in America.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Jerome Vereen of Moultrie, Georgia, and other members of the family, the genealogy of the Vereens was traced by a prominent South Carolina genealogist, the late Leonardo Andrea of Columbia. And through the generosity and foresight of some of the members of the family, this information was published in a little booklet known as THE VEREENS OF HORRY COUNTY and was released at the ceremony commemorating the restoration of the Vereen Cemetery and the unveiling of a memorial, near Little River on August 11, 1957. This book was soon sold out but has recently been reprinted and for those of you who are interested, you might be able to obtain a copy of this reprint at this time.

Mr. Andrea traced the first American Vereen from Samuel Horry and his wife, Jeanne DuBois. This Samuel Horry was of the same family of General Peter Horry, from whom Horry County gets its name. The daughter of Samuel Horry and Jeanne DuBois was Susanne Horry, born in 1659 and died in 1725, married a Frenchman named Jacques Varin in France or England--the place of marriage has not been determined. Jacques Varin when anglicized, becomes James Varin or Vereen. It has been proven that Susanne Horry and James Vereen had two sons, Samuel Varin and Jeremie Varin. There is also strong evidence to indicate that they had a daughter who married Elisha Poinsett who signed his will 26 January 1743. Elisha Poinsett and his Vereen wife were the grandparents of Joel Roberts Poinsett who became the U. S. Ambassador to Mexico and is perhaps best remembered for the Christmas flower, the Poinsetta which is named for him.

One of the sons of old James Vereen and his wife, Susanne Horry, was Jeremiah Vereen who moved from Charleston to the parish of St. Thomas and St. Dennis where he made his home, and where he is buried. It is somewhat confusing to try to trace the



family lineage in this manner but to identify this Jeremiah Vereen, I will say that he was a second generation American and resided in the French Huguenot settlement near the Santee River. He had two children, Jeremiah Vereen and Mary Vereen. This Jeremiah Vereen was a third generation American and the first to settle on the Horry strand. He married Mary Coachman and made his home near Singleton Swash.

Now we come to a fourth generation American Vereen. Jeremiah Vereen and his wife, Mary Coachman, of Singleton Swash, had a son named Jeremiah Vereen who was born in 1745. This Jeremiah Vereen was a Sargeant under General Francis Marion during the Revolution. His home was at Singleton's Swash, almost directly opposite the entrance to the campground known as Lake Arrowhead today. It was here that he was host to George Washington on his Southern tour in 1791.

This Jeremiah Vereen had a brother, William Vereen, also a fourth generation American, who was born down on the Santee in 1729, but later made his home at Little River where he is buried. He had a daughter named Martha E. Vereen who married Captain Daniel Morrall, operating under the command of General Francis Marion, stormed an encampment of Tories at Bear Bluff on the Waccamaw (near the present day Nixonville community) and drove them across the river during the Revolutionary War. They had two sons, John and George Morrall who inherited all of what is now Cherry Grove Beach in 1808. One of them moved to Gerogetown County and Morrall's Inlet there is named for him; the other moved to Beaufort County and married Phoebe Fripp and some of their descendants are still in business in Beaufort today.

Another William Vereen, a son of Jeremiah, acquired a large rice plantation down on the Waccamaw River and on Sandy Island. This plantation was known as Guendalos and joined Chicora Wood which was once owned by Charlotte Allston, the mother of former South Carolina Governor Robert Francis Withers Allston. In a letter to her son, Charlotte Allston wrote, in 1819: ... "I have a troublesome neighbor in Mr. William Vereen....who now lays claim to upwards of 170 acres of swamp on the Island..." Of course, I don't know what Mr. Vereen called her but she was worried that she might be unable to verify her claim to the land. The dispute was eventually resolved by William Vereen selling his plantation to the Allstons and it was later a part of the Governor's plantation, Chicora Wood.

Old William Vereen, the brother of Jeremiah, also had a son named Charles Vereen who was born in 1757 and served as a soldier in the Revolution. He married Mary Withers who was seemingly a widow and made their home at Withers Swash in what is now Myrtle Beach.

Old William Vereen, the fourth generation, had a son also named Jeremiah and he was a first cousin of the Jeremiah that entertained President George Washington. He married Elizabeth Raven Daniell who was a descendant of South Carolina Colonial Governor and Landgrave Robert Daniell. They had numerous children, one of whom was Joseph Jeremiah Vereen, born in 1812 and died in 1873, who married Susanne Blanchard Hemingway and made their home at Little River.

The Sixth Generation American, Joseph Jeremiah Vereen and his wife Susanne Hemingway, had a son named John F. Vereen who was born in 1839 and married Lucy Permenter, daughter of Samuel Permenter and his wife, Helen Elizabeth Clardy. John and Lucy Vereen moved to what is now Garden City near Murrell's Inlet and acquired a large plantation consisting of more than 2,000 acres. In the book THE AFTERMATH OF GLORY, by James Henry Rice, Jr., published in 1934, is the following: "Land buyers and land sellers were swarming on the strand. You could hardly drive the highways for them. John Vereen looked on like a philosopher. He had seen much come and go in his time, though he admitted this was a new experience.

"They will get tired and settle, after awhile, like a swarm of bees," he said; but they kept coming.

"John was getting on towards eighty, and not so spry as he had been, though he sat a horse well yet. The rush of land buying did not interest him, for he was satisfied as



he was, with no notion of selling one foot of his two thousand acres; so conversation ran in other channels. He told of the frightful storm of 1893 that had caused his plantation to be flooded and his crops ruined. He told too of how his big house caught fire and burned down, a total loss of building and contents."

John F. Vereen and Lucy Permenter, his wife, had at least eleven children and scores of descendants. I don't have time to identify them here but would like to mention one. If you've ever dined at that quaint old place called Oliver's Lodge in Murrell's Inlet, you may know the former operator, "Teenie" Oliver. Her maiden name was Jewell Vereen and she was a daughter of Samuel Vereen and his wife, Florence E. Marlowe and a granddaughter of John F. Vereen.

John F. Vereen had a brother, Hartford J. Vereen, born in 1849 and made his home at Little River. He married Florence C. Frink December 21, 1871, a daughter of Samuel W. Frink and his wife, Hannah Jane Gause, of Brunswick County, North Carolina. They were married in Brunswick County by the Rev. D. K. Bennett. I might mention that a map of Little River Village, made in 1871, which appeared in our quarterly a few months ago, was made by this Rev. D. K. Bennett.

Hartford J. Vereen and his wife, Florence C. Frink had fifteen children. There is a story about how Mr. John Vereen used to write to Mr. Hartford Vereen and say, "Well, Hartford, I've got another boy," and Mr. Hartford would write back and say, "Well, I've got another boy too."

Mr. Hartford J. Vereen had a son by the same name who inherited part of the original Vereen plantation at Little River and made his home there. It is still standing. Part of this property was acquired by the S. C. Highway Department for the first state Welcome Center.

This son, Hartford J. Vereen, married Leila O'Quinn and had two daughters and two sons. One of these sons, Jackson E. Vereen became a career Navy man. He joined the Navy in the 1940's and rose to the rank of Commander. He died at sea in 1966 and was buried there. He received a medal for outstanding performance of duty on May 21, 1965, during combat operations in Southeast Asia. Commander Vereen left a brother, Lindsay H. Vereen who, I believe, is on the faculty of Coastal Carolina College, and a sister, Mrs. M. A. Thompson who are with us tonight. I believe our quarterly ran a photo of Mr. Thompson demonstrating their clam hack sometime ago.

Another brother of Hartford J. Vereen and son of Hartford J. Vereen, the elder, is Joseph J. Vereen who was born in 1889 and now makes his home in Raleigh. This is the one who owns the Island home on the point of Little River and Mullet Creek, near the state line. This beautiful place is part of the original Vereen grant and is often the site of the Vereen Reunion held each July.

Mr. Joseph J. Vereen was active in World War I and was wounded when a shell exploded in the mud beneath him. They thought he had been blown to bits but it just looked that way because he was covered with mud. When he came to, he discovered some Germans in a nearby trench and made 49 of them surrender by threatening them with a hand grenade. Because of a mixup in his records, it was forty-eight years before he was awarded medals for this activity.

There are so many more Vereens I would like to mention but it is impossible. Many of you know the Conway citizens, Elise Vereen Edwards who is a daughter of the late Bonson M. and Allie Hemingway Vereen; and John Thompson, a prominent Conway attorney who is a great grandson of John Wesley Vereen of Little River.

Among the fifteen children of Hartford J. Vereen, the elder, and his wife, Florence C. Frink, is one other son whom the people of Horry County have cause to be very proud. This man who was born on April 9, 1882, shipped out of Little River on the ship SAUNDERS about the turn of the century. He was looking for greater opportunity than Little River had to offer at the time. Well, he wound up down on the St. John's River near Jacksonville, Florida, where he has made his home for more years than most of us can remember. But he has never forgotten his home of Little River--he comes back often and still has



property here. It is to him that much credit is due for having the old Vereen Cemetery restored and a menorial placed there near the S. C. Welcome Center, on the original Vereen Plantation. But this is not all, this is the man who has given a tract of more then a hundred acres of land to the Horry County Historical Commission for use in developing a memorial garden that should be a credit not only to Horry County but to the Vereen family for making it available.

Mr. Jack, who will be ninety years old next April, has agreed to say a few words to us and to answer any questions we might want to put to him. I would like to ask him what Little River was like when he left there about seventy years ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

From The Horry Herald, Conway, S. C., December 14, 1916

#### Votes Cast for Intendant and Wardens, Conway, December 14, 1916

Intendant	
L. D. Magrath	99
J. A. McDermott	130
Wardens	
A. W. Barrett	141
J. B. Cox	204
H. G. Cushman	97
J. W. Edwards	75
J. M. McKeithan	118
J. E. Nicholas	29
S. C. Richardson	115
E. J. Sherwood	171
J. K. Stalvey	189
W. H. Winbourne	121

This election was called after the resignation of Dr. McCord, dentist, serving as intendant, moved. J. W. Little was fire chief under Dr. McCord.

Carl Sessions

#### FIRE ON 4TH AVENUE

In 1916 there stood a home known as Fred Lawrence home that burned Sunday March 26, 1916. It stood on 4th Avenue on the site of Waccamaw Furniture today. The house was there before Mr. Lawrence moved there. It was known as the Joe Todd Boarding House, then S. C. Richardson's Boarding House. Joe Bordeaux, deceased, told me that the big tank belonging to Conway Lumber Company that supplied Conway's water was opened that day and the water was first used to "outen" a fire in Conway.

\* \* \* \* \*

Carl Sessions

Columbia, S. C.

From THE DAILY CAROLINA TIMES, Friday Morning, Dec. 8, 1854, pg. 4, col.4

#### List of Post Offices in South Carolina

Georgetown District.--Georgetown C. H., Yanhanna.

Horry District.--Bucksville, Conwaysborough, Dogwood Neck, Floyd's Mills, Lake Swamp, Little River.

Note: Correct spelling--Yauhanna, Conwayborough



A NEW PUBLIC PARK FOR THE GRAND STRAND AREA

C. B. Berry

A new public park and botanical garden will be created near the S. C. Welcome Center at Little River to serve visitors and residents of the Grand Strand area, according to plans of the Horry County Historical Commission. The park will be more than a thousand feet in width and extend nearly a mile from U. S. Highway 17 near the Welcome Center to Little River and the Intracoastal Waterway.

The property is a portion of the old Vereen Plantation that has been in that family since colonial days. It has been granted to the Historical Commission by Jackson H. Vereen who was born here in 1882 and moved to Florida while a young man where he has made his home since. Mr. Vereen was instrumental in having the old Vereen Family cemetery restored several years ago. The cemetery is located on the property and will be a feature of the new park.

Members of the Historical Commission have put forth plans to develop a botanical garden that will include many of the native plants such as Yaupon (Cassina), Holly, Dogwood, Magnolia, Camellias, Azaleas, Japonicas and Cedars, most of which already grow wild upon the property. In addition to this, there will be gardens of plants once common in the area but are no longer to be found such as rice, and indigo. Small exhibitions of Cotton and Tobacco should prove to be interesting to northern tourists. And this is a part of the small area of the United States where that versatile little plant known as the Venus Fly Trap abounds. This carnivorous plant which seizes small insects and digests them, grows naturally only in Southeastern North Carolina and Northeastern South Carolina. Plants such as these and the carnivorous pitcher plant, the Buttercup, Wampee (Sagittaria) which the Indians used for bread, and the scores of other native plants should make an interesting attraction to visitors.

Exhibition of naval stores activities, which prevailed here a century or more ago, will be displayed. Some of the existing pines will be boxed and chipped for turpentine; also tar and charcoal kilns; perhaps a turpentine distillery, a cane syrup mill, a cotton press, blacksmith shop, cooper shop, cattle dip-vat and Indigo hooks will be displayed. It is possible that a special museum to house many such items will eventually become a part of the park.

There are many possibilities for the proposed park. The Commission has already been working with Clemson College which may do much of the planning for the gardens.

Plans also include small freshwater lakes along Little River and an ornamental millpond in a deep ravine near the central part of the property. An old fashioned grist mill will be installed on this pond with a special dedication by Mr. Vereen.

The Historical Commission urges the people of Horry County to get behind its efforts to make the park become a reality and a fine new tourist attraction for the Grand Strand and the County.

\* \* \* \* \*

From THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC, Conway, S. C., March 3, 1898  
S. Frank Parrot, Editor

THE CANTATA

The Long Talked of Event Comes Off and is a Great Success

On last Monday night the long talked of cantata came off. It was a success in every sense of the word. There was a goodly sum raised - forty odd dollars - but that was not the greatest success. The beautiful costumes of the young ladies, and the excellent rendering of their parts was the admiration of every one. Miss Nannie Beaty, the directress, deserves great credit for the work she has done. The girls were trained and did credit to the town.



The stage was tastefully decorated with evergreens and hanging moss and looked most appropriate for the occasion. When the curtain was drawn, the "flowers" filed out on the stage and made a perfect picture of loveliness. The girls were dressed in white, decorated with the flowers they represented. The following are the personifications- Reclus, Mr. McNeill; Rose, Eva Currie; Sunflower, Ettie Nolley; Crocus, Codie Jollie; Dahlia, Lella Burroughs; Heliotrope, Nonie Jollie; Lily, Leila Barre; Hollyhock, Mamie Little; Japonica, Maggie Williams; Violet, Ruth Barre; Mignonette, Dippie Hardwick; Tulip, Ola Spivey; Heather Bells, Misses Sallie Dozier, Sue Belle Nolley, Julia Nolley, Bessie Burroughs, Daisy Fulton, Fannie Jollie, Effie Spivey, Ella Little, Kate McNeill, and Hattie Johnson.

\* \* \* \* \*

Extracts from

FIRST CENSUS OF THE U.S., S.C., 1790

Georgetown District, Prince George Parish  
(present Georgetown & Horry Cos.)

	<u>Males over 16</u>	<u>Males under 16</u>	<u>F.</u>	<u>Slaves</u>
Bossard, John	2	2	2	22
Barrow, James, Abner Legget & Thomas Green	3	2	6	34
Causey, Thomas	1	1	3	-
Causey, John	1	1	4	-
Causey, Jane	1	3	4	-
Dunnam, Jacob (for Scriven's Estate)	1	2	3	115
Dunnam, Ebenezer	1	-	-	17
Dunnam, Robert	1	2	3	2
Dunnam, John	1	-	1	30
Davis, Wm., Sr. (15 Davis Heads of Family)	1	1	3	48
Green, Sarah	1	1	2	-
Johnston, Gilbert	1	-	2	18
Johnston, Gilbert, Junr.	1	2	3	4
Long, Josiah	2	-	2	-
Long, Joshua	1	-	1	-
Singleton, John	3	-	1	57
Wilson, Martha	-	-	2	21
Wilson, Wm.	1	2	-	46
Wilson, Wilson	2	-	-	9
Wilson, John	1	-	-	79
Waller, Wm.	1	1	2	3
Sarris, John	1	1	4	4
Service, Samuel	2	2	4	-

(Note: We think the last two names may have been intended for Sarvis)

\* \* \* \* \*

From THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC, Conway, S. C.  
Thursday, Nov. 11, 1897

Rev. D. A. Calhoun and wife of Laurel were in town Monday. Mr. Calhoun is conducting a protracted meeting at the Centery Church this week.  
(Note: We think the church is Centenary)



BUCKSPORT Sr., BUCKSPORT Jr.

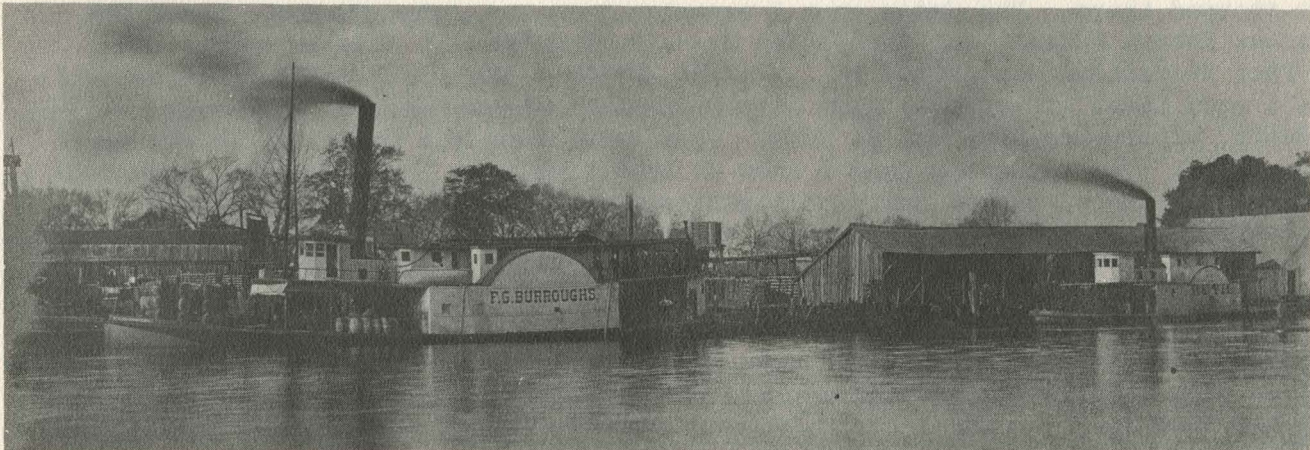


Bucksport, Maine. By courtesy of Mrs. Rosa B. Hopson, Professor of French at Coastal Carolina, Conway. Mrs. Hopson writes: Dear Florence, This is a picture of the original Bucksport (handwriting on the back is my mother's.). I cannot date it precisely. The family left Maine in 1908 so the picture is older than that. Although there seems to be a steamer driven ferry crossing the Penobscot, one can still see an array of masts at the edge of the water (I think).

My father (James Brooks) went to boarding school (Methodist Church-his father was a trustee of the school) in Bucksport, and so did his mother before him. Grandmamma probably saw them still building wooden ships - schooners and "downeasters."

I brought the picture here to give to Miss Jessie - but I never got around to it.

Mrs. Hopson says the school now is a school for Catholic priests of the Oblate order.



Bucksport, S. C., Horry County, on the Waccamaw, about ten miles below Conway. From a picture published in THE FIELD, Conway, S. C., April 17, 1913, Greater Horry County Edition. Henry Buck, the first Buck to arrive in Horry from Bucksport, Maine, settled and began his lumber business here in 1828. He, his brother and sons developed Bucksville, once the most thriving village in the county, and Bucksport. See previous issues of the IRQ for details and pictures of the Buck boat building, lumber industry and family.



From the Horry Herald, 1902

CONWAY LONG AGO

Memories of Some of the Men and Women

The only reason for writing a few thoughts about Conway in the 30's and 40's is to try to draw out others with better memories.

My first recollection is of Colonel James Beaty who was then Clerk of the Court, and the very head of every enterprise for the upbuilding of the town, a man that was beloved by all, a man full of all good words, and works. I think the man he had to help in the office was B. A. Thompson, a thoroughly educated and business man. When Capt. H. Buck first started the lumber business at the then Upper Mill, Mr. Thompson went with him, and my recollection is that he died there.

I must not forget to mention Maj. Holmes. He was one of the leading merchants and a good all-round fellow. Then comes another of our merchants, John Redman, a good man, but his customers used to say that when he laughed he looked as though he were crying. Our other merchants were Capt. Sam Pope and George Fisk, both Northern men, both well liked. Capt. Pope before going to Conway was doing a lumber business at Bucksport, the called the Lower Mill.

I must mention Jos. Richwood, our genial Post Master. He seemed to be the man in the right place. Then, there was Abraham Price, our tailor, where the well-to-do had their overcoats made.

The Sheriff, it seems to me now, was always Robert R. Sessions. I well remember him. We boys always kept an eye on him, knowing that he could put us in jail if he saw us around unless we were on our way to school. (The Sheriff's office has been in the hands of the Session's ever since.)

Sometime in the 40's the turpentine men came in from North Carolina and invaded our pine forests. Among the first to come were Yates & Jordan, S. & H. Bell, Peacock, Polar & Co. Then there came a change. Conwayboro as it was called then seemed to take on a new start and improved in business and in looks.

Our doctors in those days were old Dr. Sewell who came from--I don't know where--a man who used many little bad words, but was counted a good physician. Dr. John Grant who had a large practice and was very successful, was liked by all who knew him.

How well I remember old aunt Jane Norman who kept the Hotel. The Judges and lawyers stopped there. The Judge whom I remember best was Judge Munroe. Among the lawyers was Robert Munroe, and when there was a very difficult case in court, Dick Dozier from Georgetown was called in. At Aunt Norman's the young folks would assemble to have a good time. I remember Miss Mary Brookman, afterwards Mrs. Tom Beaty, and Miss Angie Beaty, afterwards Mrs. Wm. H. Buck. They were among the young people who would assemble there. The young men whom I knew at that time were Robert Munroe, Thomas Huie, John and Thomas Beaty, Bethel Beaty, Billy Wilson, Curtis Clewis, Jos. Bell and occasionally U. A. Delettre. They would assemble at Aunt Norman's with the young ladies in the evenings. We small boys would gather on the piazza and peep through the window, but we dare not go in--we were barefooted. Who ever saw a boy with shoes on in those days! But all the boys would have on jackets. How well I remember the little red linsey jackets that we wore in those days, made somewhat like a vest with sleeves, pockets on each side so that we had a place to warm our hands. We felt well dressed when we had them on.

Where are all those "old timers" whom I have been writing about? Dead. Death what is it? Here today and gone tomorrow, but where?

James Ira

Machinery for lights at Conway Lumber Co. received. Town did not take up offer to expand to include the town in this project.



HISTORY OF THE ERVIN FAMILY

Submitted by E. R. McIver

"Deeming it a privilege and duty I hereby set down what I know of our family history and diverse facts adjudged important for posterity to cherish. The Ereenines, Erwyns, Irvines, Ervins trace to antiquity. For this sketch, it will suffice to begin with Crynin Irwyn, Abthene of Dule, who held highest title then conferred in Scotland and was founder of the line of Kings of the name Irvine. He married with daughter to King Malcolm and thus they became ancestors of the Scottish kings. Later when the Bruce fled his enemies sanctuary was found with the Irwyns and Will. Irwyn became his companion. The resting place his holley grove and so the Holley forms parts of the Families armorial beerings. In gratitude for his loyalty, Sir Will Irwyn was granted a Barony which for a thousand years has been possessed by Irvings. To shorten the annals, we continue with John Irvine Exqu. who married with daughter to his kinsman James Irvine of Fortrie. Their son, James Irvine Esq. was my grandfather. He married with Elizabeth, daughter to Captain John Will. James and wife Anne Wyndham. It is found that he came of a long line of William Jameses and so to distinguish them, each was known by a double name. The Irvines being Protestant, left the Old Nation during the period of religious upheaval and settled in North Ireland. However they found conditions intolerable and being of courageous and pioneering spirit they decided to seek a better land in America on the southern frontier. My grandfather was a man of huge statue with piercing dark eyes, fearless, of commanding appearance and various abilities. Through his veins coursed the blood of centuries of warriors and of his Scotch sires who patrolled the borders of their land, repelling many invaders. It was destined that he would be a leader in rounding up the first band of colonists for the proposed settlement on Black River in the state of South Carolina. His family were among those who in 1732 blazed the trail for other footsteps to follow. This colony of some dozen families, under command of Roger Gordon sailed from Belfast and endured the hazardous passage of over two months across the ocean, beset by tempests, perils and untold suffering and sickness. One Irvin from Ireland soon perished and was consigned to the bosom of the deep. My grandfather's family was large, being Rebecca, Elizabeth, Robert, Marjory, William, Samuel, Annabelle (Anne), Jeanne, Gilbert, John, Bruce, Agnes, Alexander, Hugh (do not know the order) with a daughter-in-law and some grandchildren. Great was their sorrow when most of these passed in the tragedy of a Great Mortality. On the voyage across the family was sorely ill and on safe arrival in Charlestowne, it was necessary to tarry until health was restored. Subsequently the sons Robert and John, the last named being only a lad, with a sister, being of hardihood and daring hearts, were in the vanguard that opened up the trail from Charlestowne, to Kings Tree. Also of this company were our kinsmen the Jameses and Wilsons. Some two years later came our kinsman the Witherspoons and others. The lad John Irvine was my father and he later married with Elizabeth, daughter to Robert Ellison Esq. In South Carolina our name soon came to be spelled as Ervin. Often have I heard my father tell of the pioneering enterprises of how their small vessel crept cautiously up the dark, ~~torfuous~~ reaches of the Black River, bordered with thickly forested swamps that shut out the daylight. Their apprehensions for safety increased when often the silence was shattered by the hideous and unearthly screams of wild things. On reaching Kings Tree great was their surprise to find nothing but primeval wilderness. Notwithstanding the company scattered to select homesites near streams or springs. The Irvines chose a Bluff about a mile distant and set to work to fell the mighty trees and clear away undergrowth. A crude shelter was erected, tight on the sides of the prevailing winds. Later when joined by the balance of the family a large cabin was built with a thatched roof and mud chimneys. My father was one of the few forthright and outspoken patriots of our district, at commencement of the struggle for independence. His business often carried him to George Towne and Charles Towne so he remained better posted and saw the future more clearly than most of his neighbors. From the first he cast his lot with America and influenced many others in those early days. He



was most wrathful over the Stamp Act and advised everyone to refuse to buy the tea that had been shipped to Charles Towne. He assumed the office of commissary, gathered equipment and medicine for our great cause. Grandmother Elizabeth, that grand matriarch and venerable war heroine, used her great skill as a nurse in those times before our section got organized. She suffered blindness in later life. Mother and my wife Jane also did their part nobly by securing information for my regiment and for General Marion. We were a house united in one great purpose for a fight to the finish for liberty and for America. Our kinsmen the James family from their arrival in 1732 on through the dark days of the great struggle gave without stint of their time and talent to the welfare of our district. It was William James, brother to my grandmother who named Williamsburg and it was his son the daring Major John James of many brave exploits who organized the men of our district and could have led them in battle but instead recommended his friend Francis Marion. This was the beginning of Marion's Brigade of which my regiment was a part. Other kinsmen among the Elliisons and Witherspoons were conspicuous in this life and death fight for freedom, however the last named were more prone to the church.

Now my children I adjure you, hold to your hearts always your grande and glorious heritage. Your forebears have laid down requisite precepts for you to follow. May they be a stimulus to laudable ambition so you will make worthy contributions to your country. Be a faithful servant to your church and add renown and splendor to the history of the Irvine Family. My blessings rest upon you. May Jehovah be with you and prosper you."

This history of the Ervin family was written by Col. John Ervin who married Jane Witherspoon (a descendent of John Knox). It was found in the Bible of Erasmus Powe Ervin born at Indiantown, S. C. near Kingstree 1878. The Bible was printed by Alex Kincaid, his Majesty's printer. Edinburgh, MDCCCLXXVI, "Allowed by the authority of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, and appointed to be read in the churches. The Psalms are in metre to be sung in congregations and families."

The families in Horry County descended from the Ervins are:

- E. Craig Walls of Conway, S. C.
- D. Morrison Campbells of Myrtle Beach, S. C.
- Robert Spanns of Myrtle Beach, S. C.
- E. R. McIvers of Conway, S. C.
- E. Ervin Dargans, formerly of Conway, but now of Darlington, S. C.

### 1880 CENSUS ON SALE

The 1880 Census of Horry County, South Carolina, the first publishing venture of the Horry County Historical Society other than the Quarterly, appeared during Horry County Week of the S. C. Tricentennial celebration. It is hardbound, 165 pages in length and was printed by Walker, Evans and Cogswell. Lists of Horry County residents are given by the township in which they lived and the age and race of each is shown.

Many members of the Society have contributed to this publication. The Publications Committee (Mrs. Catherine H. Lewis, Mrs. Ruby Lee Wachtman, and Mrs. Eunice Thomas) wishes to thank particularly those who helped with the proofreading, Mr. Lacy Hucks who oversaw the business transaction, and Miss Laura Quattlebaum and Mr. C. B. Berry, who wrote introductory material for the volume and without whom the project would not have been undertaken.

Members of the Society who have not yet purchased copies of the 1880 CENSUS may obtain them either from Lacy Hucks at the Horry County Department of Education or at the desk of the Horry County Memorial Library. The cost is \$7.50 a copy to members and \$10.00 to non-members. Members may purchase as many copies as they wish for the special price.



BATHING BEAUTY OF THE '20's



The former Louise Jordan, half sister of the late Eldon L. Jordan of Conway, was a bright talented grammar school monologist during her brief period with her father and step-mother in Conway. She married Edward Peel Gurganus of Wilmington, N. C. Their daughter Floria became a high fashion model in New York, having modeled for Dior, Norell, and Mainboucher. She is now the editor of 16 Magazine and its subsidiaries SPEC and LOVING FASHIONS which publications she has built from scratch in less than ten years. As Gloria Stavers she is the adored Mother Superior to six million teenagers. She has been written up in COSMOPOLITAN, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE NEW YORK SUN and others. Louise is now Mrs. C. A. Gainey of Goldsboro, N. C. Her step-daughter, Barbara Gainey, is a portrait sculptor with her own Madison Avenue studio in New York. Her commissions come largely from business executives and governors, including Dan Moore and Bob Scott of North Carolina. In 1969 she received orders for Richard Nixon and the Shah of Iran.



The Do Good Club of Conway, 1917. Katheleen Sessions (m. W. O. Davis of Weldon, N. C.), says these girls were called on to do everything public minded. This occasion was to advertise a Chautauqua, the small town's only professional entertainment, similar to Community Concerts today. Mule and buggy were loaned by G. B. Jenkins Livery Stable. Mrs. Davis says the club was a closely knit group, having hay rides, lawn parties on the Spivey's lawn, and moonlight boat rides; Kathleen Sessions Davis at the reins; Sarah McMillan (m. Paul Wooten), dec; Edna Earle Spivey (m. I. T. Scoggin) now of Myrtle Beach; Grace Haselden (m. M. P. Watson) of Conway; Helen McCoy (m. Dr. H. L. Scargorough), dec. Bath, N. C.; Laura Jenkins (now Mrs. Black), Fayetteville, N. C. and Dorothy Officer (m. L. D. Magrath), Conway, S. C.



THE SENATE OF THE  
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

1776-1962

ELECTION DISTRICTS  
1776-1790

Election districts as established by the Constitution of 1776 were those carried over from the Provincial era. They remained the same under the Constitution of 1778. The term of office for both House and Senate members was two years. Each parish or district was allowed one Senator, except for St. Philip's and St. Michael's, which had two, and for the combinations of two districts each, St. Matthew's and Orange, and Prince George's, Winyah, and all Saints', which were allowed one Senator each.

PRINCE GEORGE, WINYAH, AND ALL SAINTS, PARISHES OF

1778-80.....Elias Horry	1784-86.....Peter Horry
1781-82.....Hugh Horry	1786-87.....Peter Horry <sup>1</sup>
	1787-88.....William Alston <sup>2</sup>
1782-84.....Paul Trapier	1788-90.....William Alston

<sup>1</sup>Qualified as Register of Mesne Conveyances, Charleston, March 6, 1787.

<sup>2</sup>Qualified January 10, 1788.

ELECTION DISTRICTS  
1790-1865

Under the Constitution of 1790, the number of election districts was increased by divisions in the large up-country districts. Like the low-country, a number were included in combinations with one or two Senators each, a situation continuing until the constitutional amendment of 1808 allowed each district or parish its own Senator.

The judicial districts (as established in 1798) of the Low Country were divided into parishes, each allotted one Senator (with two for St. Philip's and St. Michael's), while in the Up Country the election districts were the same as the judicial. Thus the proportionate representation favored the low country.

HORRY (KINGSTON)<sup>1</sup>

1810-12.....Thomas Fearwell	1840-42.....William H. Johnston <sup>6</sup>
	1842-43.....J. T. Sessions <sup>7</sup>
1812-16.....Thomas Fearwell	1843-44.....Joel B. Skipper <sup>8</sup>
1816-20.....William H. Grice	1844-48.....Joel B. Skipper
1820-24.....Henry Durant	1848-52.....Joel B. Skipper
1824-28.....Thomas Fearwell	1852-56.....R. G. W. Grissette
1828-32.....William Johnston	1856-58.....James Beaty <sup>9</sup>
	1858-60.....Francis I. Sessions <sup>10</sup>
1832-34.....Benjamin Gause <sup>2</sup>	1860-64.....Francis I. Sessions
1834-36.....Henry Durant <sup>3</sup>	



ELECTION DISTRICTS  
1790-1865  
(Continued)

1836-37.....Henry Durant      1864-65.....Samuel Bell  
1837-40.....Robert Munro

<sup>1</sup>New election district formed under Constitutional Amendment of 1808.

<sup>2</sup>Resigned.

<sup>3</sup>Qualified October 25, 1834.

<sup>4</sup>Died June 6, 1837.

<sup>5</sup>Qualified November 27, 1837.

<sup>6</sup>Resigned.

<sup>7</sup>Qualified November 28, 1842; resigned on election as Sheriff of Horry District.

<sup>8</sup>Qualified November 27, 1843.

<sup>9</sup>Resigned; probably because of ill health.

<sup>10</sup>Qualified November 22, 1858.

ALL SAINTS, PARISH OF

1790-91.....Seat Vacant<sup>1</sup>

1791-94.....William Alston<sup>1</sup>

1794-98.....Paul Michau

1798-1802.....Joseph Blyth

1802-04.....Thomas Young<sup>2</sup>

1804-06.....Paul Michau<sup>3</sup>

1806-10.....Paul Michau

1810-14.....William Alston

1814-16.....Joseph Alston<sup>4</sup>

1816-18.....Francis K. Huger<sup>5</sup>

1818-22.....Benjamin Huger (President 1819-22)

1822-23.....Benjamin Huger<sup>6</sup>

1823-26.....W. A. D. Bryan<sup>7</sup>

1826-30.....Ebenezer Flagg

1830-32.....Joseph W. Allston<sup>8</sup>

1832-34.....Thomas P. Alston<sup>9</sup>

1834-38.....Thomas P. Alston

1838-42.....Edward T. Heriot

1842-46.....Joshua John Ward

1846-50.....Joshua John Ward

1850.....Joshua John Ward<sup>10</sup>

1851-54.....Andrew Hasell<sup>11</sup>

1854-58.....Andrew Hasell

1858-62.....Charles Alston

1862-65.....James J. Wortham

<sup>1</sup>Did not qualify until December 5, 1791.

<sup>2</sup>Died March 27, 1804.

<sup>3</sup>Qualified May 12, 1804.

<sup>4</sup>Qualified December 16, 1814, vice William Alston, declined; died September 10, 1816.

<sup>5</sup>Qualified December 25, 1816.

<sup>6</sup>Died July 7, 1823.

<sup>7</sup>Qualified November 24, 1823.

<sup>8</sup>Resigned after Extra Session of 1832.

<sup>9</sup>Qualified December 3, 1832.

<sup>10</sup>Elected Lieutenant Governor December 7, 1850; resigned seat.

<sup>11</sup>Qualified November 24, 1851.

HORRY

1865-67.....Joel B. Skipper

1868-70.....Henry Buck<sup>1</sup>

1870-72.....James I. Burroughs<sup>2</sup>

1872-75.....Thomas C. Dunn<sup>3</sup>

1875-76.....B. N. Ward<sup>4</sup>

1876-80.....William L. Buck<sup>5</sup>

1880.....Thomas W. Daggett<sup>6</sup>

1880-84.....T. W. Beaty

1884-88.....Jeremiah Smith

1888-92.....Jeremiah Smith

1892-96.....J. P. Derham

1896-99.....R. B. Scarborough<sup>7</sup>  
(President pro tempore 1899)

1899-1900.....J. A. McDermott<sup>8</sup>

1900-03.....J. A. McDermott<sup>9</sup>

1903-04.....G. J. Holliday<sup>10</sup>

1904-08.....G. J. Holliday

1908-12.....D. A. Spivey

1912-16.....Henry L. Buck

1916-20.....Henry L. Buck

1920-24.....Jeremiah Smith

1924-28.....D. A. Spivey

1928-32.....M. G. Andersen

1932-35.....H. Kemper Cooke<sup>11</sup>

1935-36.....Paul Quattlebaum<sup>12</sup>

1936-40.....Paul Quattlebaum

1940-44.....Paul Quattlebaum

1944-48.....Frank A. Thompson

1948-52.....Ernest E. Richardson

1952-55.....Frank A. Thompson<sup>13</sup>

1955-56.....James P. Stevens<sup>14</sup>

1956-60.....James P. Stevens

1960-.....James P. Stevens



ELECTION DISTRICTS  
(Continued)  
HORRY

Footnotes:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <sup>1</sup> Died October 1, 1870.                       | <sup>8</sup> Qualified January 9, 1900.                              |
| <sup>2</sup> Qualified November 22, 1870.                | <sup>9</sup> Commissioned Treasurer of Horry County<br>July 8, 1903. |
| <sup>3</sup> Elected Comptroller General March 24, 1875. | <sup>10</sup> Qualified January 12, 1904.                            |
| <sup>4</sup> Qualified November 23, 1875.                | <sup>11</sup> Died July 16, 1935.                                    |
| <sup>5</sup> Died January 4, 1880.                       | <sup>12</sup> Qualified December 11, 1935.                           |
| <sup>6</sup> Qualified February 14, 1880.                | <sup>13</sup> Died June 29, 1955.                                    |
| <sup>7</sup> Became Lieutenant Governor June 3, 1899.    | <sup>14</sup> Qualified January 10, 1956.                            |

DIARY OF A JOURNEY THROUGH THE CAROLINAS,  
GEORGIA, AND FLORIDA

From July 1, 1765, to April 10, 1766

JOHN BARTRAM

Annotated

By

Francis Harper

Research Associate, the John Bartram Association, Philadelphia

(Submitted by Horace G. Williams, Dec.)

"July 17th. therm. 80. set out for crockrans ferry over one branch of santee; then over a very rich iseland to the other branch. ferreag 9 pence. The iseland produced Cypress, tupelo both sorts, poplor, birch, sweet gum, hicory, ash, alder, sephalanthos, willow, evergreen oak & scarlet.

dined at Mark hoggins, a good kind man: therm. 91. here it had not rained to wet the ground deep since January. these two days I found several curious species of plants in the savanas. trees was pine, ever-green oak, broad leaved willow, scarlet, scrubby white & red & black, hicory; in the swamps, tupelo, alcea, red bay, maple, birch, ash, fartle berry, and omeda, Liquid amber all over, Cornus. Saw several curious plants & much tall piney ground. then crossed a ferry to georgetown, containing 150 houses pretily scituated on the river sampets. July 18. then set out over much savana ground & some piney dry sandy soil to monks ferry on black river, 6 pence; then over pede, 6 pence; then Wocama, 1 shilling, half A mile broad; then very poor sandy soil & some savanas. Dined at Joseph Allens. thermometer 91. Saw a large chinkapin, 13 paces diameter in the branches & 4 1/2 inches diameter in the bole. lodged at Pikes on the west end of long bay. lightned all night.

July 19. thermo. 81. cleared up in the morning. travailed along the bay, the banks of which is A red soil, which I suppose reacheth into the sea under the fluctuateing sand, insomuch that all the adjacent shells is tinged with A deep orange color. butt the object that engaged my attention most was A solid rock of concreet shels & gravel whose summit Just appeared even with the fluctuating sand, but to what depth it decended I cant say. it was so soft as with A sharp pointed knife to cut A little hole into it. its appearance was Just such as is common in the back parts of the countrey. The shells common on this shore was the Cockle & clam. dined at the east end of long bay at A very kind gentlemans



house. thence very poor sandy soil to little river. lodged at one Rust at the boundary house."

July 16 and 17. The road from Charleston to Georgetown in 1765, as indicated on the maps mentioned above, evidently approximated fairly closely the present main highway (Route 17) between these two cities (except between Awendaw and the Santee). As Bartram remarks on August 14, the road between Charleston and the Long Bay "lay generally...between two & four miles from the shore."

...From a point nearly a mile north of the settlement of Murrell's Inlet, where the old road rejoins the paved highway, it is said (by Mr. Luther Smith) to approximate the latter for a distance of 4 or 5 miles to Floral Beach. Probably in this vicinity it reached the ocean strand. Pike's (or Peak's) place was very likely located at about this point. The names of Bartram's hosts along the route from the Hopton plantation on Wando River up to this point do not seem to appear among those of plantation proprietors on the old maps.

July 19. The old highway continued along the sands of the beach for a distance of about 13.5 miles to Cane Patch Swash, 4.5 miles northeast of Myrtle Beach (Mill's Atlas of the Horry District, S. C., 1838; soil map of Horry County, 1918). Beds of fossiliferous rocks (coquina), of the kind described by Bartram on this date and again on August 11, may be seen near high-tide mark at Hurl Rocks Beach, about a mile southwest of Myrtle Beach (Fig. 6). From Cane Patch Swash to Singleton's Swash (a distance of 2.5 miles) the old highway was situated a short distance inland from the beach. Its probable course from Singleton's Swash (evidently the Lewis Swash of the old maps) to the North Carolina boundary is shown on the above-mentioned map of Horry County. It crossed this swash (evidently by a ford) about a quarter of a mile from the ocean, and gradually diverged inland till it was nearly a mile from the sea at the crossings of the forks of White Point Creek (or Swash). The map shows several gaps in this old road in the intervening 4 or 5 miles. The main road shown on this map, from White Point Creek through the settlement of Little River to the state boundary, probably coincides with the old highway. The recently constructed paved highway (Route 17) does not follow this route exactly.

For most of the local information I am indebted to Mr. B. F. Vereen, who resides on Route 17 about 11 miles northeast of Myrtle Beach, and who very kindly conducted me over a near-by portion of the old highway. The partly disused and overgrown portion I investigated crosses Route 17 at an angle near Mr. Vereen's place and continues on the northwest side of it in the direction of the North Carolina boundary.

A chimney and a few other vestiges of the home of Mr. Vereen's ancestors in Revolutionary times stand here, several hundred yards from the new highway. George Washington stopped at this place overnight (April 27-28) on his southern journey of 1791. This information was first imparted to me by Mr. Vereen, and was later corroborated from the published account of Washington's journey (Henderson, 1923, p. 125). Furthermore, the name "Varene" appears just at this point on the Jefferys and the Faden maps. It is pleasant to imagine that the "very kind gentleman's house," at the east end of Long Bay, where Bartram dined on July 19, was that of the pre-Revolutionary Varene.

In returning over this same part of the route on August 11, Bartram remarks on "some pretty good ground, which was planted with indigo." Now while Mr. Vereen was showing me over the old highway, near the place where it crosses the southern fork of White Point Swash, we noticed in an old field some stray indigo plants, growing as weeds perhaps a hundred years after their actual cultivation had ceased. Were these, perchance, descendants of the very indigo plants that Bartram had noticed hereabouts?

The probability of this being the place at which Bartram dined is considerably enhanced by the experiences of subsequent travelers. Schoepf (1911, vol. 2, p. 156) stopped at "Vareen's" in January, 1784, and remarked: "Our host . . . occupies himself chiefly with Indigo." He stated that the next human habitation on the road to Georgetown was 26 miles away.





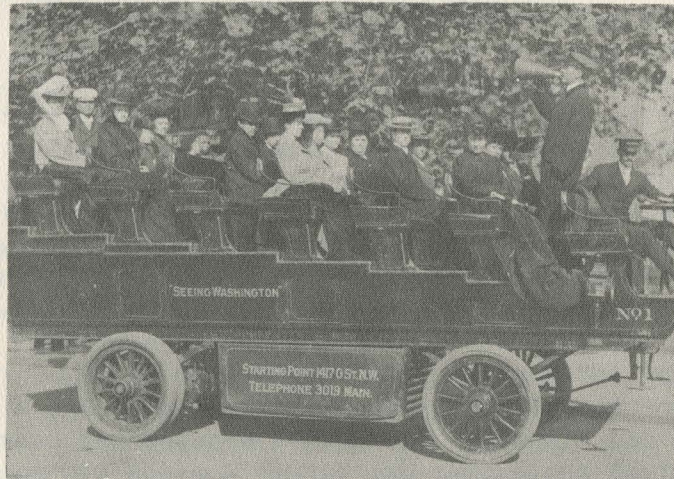
Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Rollinson at their home on Georgetown Hwy. about 1939.



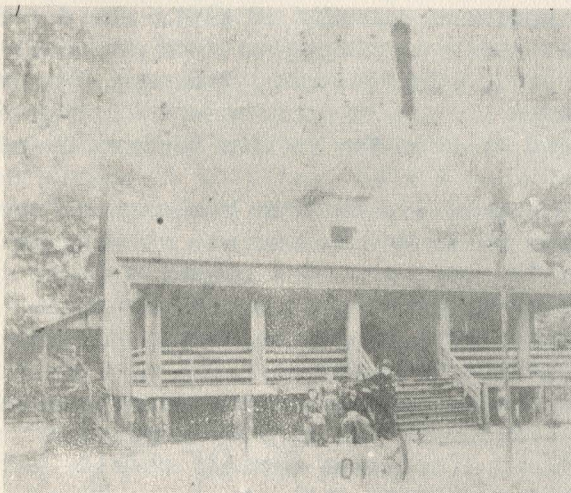
Katie Melson Galbraith  
1881 - 1967



Kathryn & Will Rollinson  
Wedding picture Oct. 31, 1906.



Back Seat - William Henry Rollinson and Kathryn Melson Rollinson on honeymoon in Washington, D. C. They were married October 31, 1906. in Boston, Mass.



"Sonwood," Melson home before 1900.



Melson home, "Sonwood," in March 1906. The figures are Melson Pittman, born 1901, Marie Pittman Syres, on steps, born 1903 and baby Maxine Pittman Hicks born Nov. 1905 and their father John J. Pittman.



From a Conway Newspaper, November, 1906  
Submitted by Gladys Rollinson Davis

Galbraith - Rollinson

A COURTSHIP BEGAN AT CONWAY ENDS IN MARRIAGE IN  
FAR OFF BOSTON

A pretty home wedding took place on Wednesday evening, October 31, 1906, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. Byron Brooks Moulton, 18 Woodbine Street, Boston, Mass. when her neice, Miss Katherine Melson Galbraith, daughter of the late Dr. A. H. J. Galbraith, of Conway, S. C. became the bride of Mr. William Henry Rollinson, of Des Moines, Iowa.

The home was tastefully decored with Palms, ferns, and autumn leaves and cut flowers. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. J. Dunlop, of the Roxbury Presbyterian church, and was witnessed by relatives and friends of the family.

The bride wore a princess dress of white lace over chiffon and taffeta silk. Her tulle veil was caught with orange blossoms and she carried bride's roses. She was attended by Miss Genevieve Moulton as maid of honor, who was gowned in yellow crepe de chine with lace, and carried yellow chrysanthemums.

A reception followed the ceremony and the bridal couple was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Moulton, who was handsomely gowned in white messiline over pink taffeta silk. An orchestra furnished music throughout the evening and refreshments were served. There were many beautiful presents, including silver, cut glass and china.

The bride and groom left on a late train for New York, Washington, and Charleston. Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson will be at home after November 10th, at Sonwood, Conway, South Carolina.

To the write-up of the GALBRAITH-ROLLINSON wedding attached, I, Gladys Rollinson Davis, thought the following names of several persons attending this wedding, might be of interest to someone in Horry County:

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Richwood (Clarence Horry Richwoods)

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kingman

Mrs. Sarah Richwood Pope (Captain Samuel Pope's widow)

Miss Mary Pope (Oldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Pope)

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Prentiss Goodhue (Mrs. Goodhue was Edith Pope, second daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Samuel Pope.

Miss Frances Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Walsh.

(There is much about Mr. Walsh in Mr. Quattlebaum's "The Kingston Presbyterian Church", of which Mr. Walsh was a charter member. I also read several references to him in Quarterlies.)

From a Conway Newspaper, Dec. 3, 1906

On Friday evening, November 30, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, a Kitchen Shower was given in honor of Mrs. Will H. Rollinson, Homewood's latest bride. After the guests were all assembled, they in turn showered their gifts upon the pleased and surprised recipients of their tokens of good wishes and esteem. A "Kitchen Quiz" and other such conundram plays were a feature of the evening's entertainment. Mrs. Elmer is a delightful hostess and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Dainty refreshments were served. Fortune telling from the tea grounds furnished considerable amusement if not profit.

Among those present, besides Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Rollinson, were Mr. and Mrs. George Bray, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Danforth, Miss Olive Cultra, Mrs. H. F. Hadley, Mrs. Deitz, Miss Helen Deitz, Messrs. Allen and Chester Deitz, Mrs. J.



Lewis Lee, Mr. Hedley Lee and Miss Ethel Lee, Miss Edith Herkeimer, Mr. Ray Zimmerman, Mr. E. Baker, and Harry Bray.

We all sincerely regret the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Danforth, which is to take place this week. Their many good qualities have endeared them to a large circle of friends and acquaintances who wish them health and prosperity in their new home near Kankakee, Ill. Miss Olive Cultra, Mrs. Danforth's sister, who has been here on a visit will accompany them.

From a Conway newspaper sometime after Dec. 4, 1904  
Obituary written by Rev. C. E. Robertson  
(who married Sue Rollinson, my father's  
sister)

In Memoriam

Doctor Archibold Hector James Galbraith

Dr. Galbraith, being of a modest shrinking nature never spoke often of himself, therefore but little was ever known of his early life, and only after a careful research of his many papers stored away, did anyone know but little to tell. Recently papers have been discovered that reveal the following.

He was born in the State of Virginia, April 5th, 1840, and was reared in Robeson County, N. C. He died at the residence of Mr. W. S. McCaskill, Jr., of Conway, S. C. where he lived after the death of his beloved wife. He was married three times, first marrying Miss Addie Woodward, second Miss Mary Katherine Melson, February 3rd, 1880, and third, Mrs. Carrie Brewer, November 1888.

He was a faithful soldier during the war with the states and received a wound in one eye which caused the loss of its sight in his last days. He graduated in medicine with honors at the Edinburi Medical College Institute June 16th, 1867 and took a Post Graduate course in the same institute receiving his second diploma October 11, 1872. These diplomas were found stored away in a trunk.

He then moved to Conway, S. C. and devoted his life to his profession until his death. He was elected coronor of Horry County, S. C. several consecutive terms and was the incumbent at his death. He was a Mason of high standing and also one of the charter members of the Knights of Honor at Conway. He was a faithful physician and a tender nurse, winning the confidence and love of all. He was an Elder in the Kingston Presbyterian Church and a Christian gentleman in the fullest sense, always putting the most liberal construction possible on the words and acts of others. He always did the right and gave others credit for trying to do no less. He was a kind, tender husband and father. He left one daughter (Miss Kate) and a host of friends to mourn his loss, but their loss is his eternal gain, for all believe he has gone to receive his eternal reward and crown of life that fadeth not away.

Note: "Miss Kate" was my mother, Katherine Melson Galbraith Rollinson.

Note: The diplomas mentioned are in my possession and I have had copies Xroxed, and if you desire I can send you copies. I had this done at the request of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for their permanent records at Montreat.

From The Horry Herald

Date - Spring of 1906

Mr. W. H. Rollinson left for Wilmington, N. C. Tuesday, where he will spend several days on business.



Mr. W. S. Hocutt assistant to the agent at the depot, paid a short visit to his home at Ashepole, N. C. last week.

Miss Katherine Melson Galbraith left Conway Tuesday for Boston, Mass., where she will spend the summer with Mrs. Byron B. Moulton.

Note: by Gladys R. Davis, Jan. 15, 1972: Mrs. Moulton was the former Miss Frances Eliza Melson, and Aunt of my mother, Katherine Galbraith (later Rollinson)

#### A PLEASANT EVENING

##### SPENT AT THE PRETTY COUNTRY HOME OF MR. AND MRS. D. W. OLIVER

On Tuesday of last week the doors of the country home of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Oliver, Oak Hill, were thrown open for the pleasure of a few friends who came over from Conway to spend the afternoon and evening. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Danforth, of Chicago, Illinois, Misses Bessie Rollinson and Katie Galbraith and Mr. Will Rollinson of Conway.

The evening was pleasantly spent in discussing different topics such as farming, trucking, fishing, etc., and at 8:30 o'clock a supper was served in dainty style. The supper consisted of several kinds of cakes, coffee and champagne. Everyone said it was the pleasantest event that has taken place in quite a while.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Oliver attended the dance at Mr. and Mrs. Pitman's on last Friday night and report a nice pleasant time.

(Note by Gladys Rollinson Davis Jan. 15, 1972: Presume this to be Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Pittman. Mrs. Pittman was the former Edith Melson.)

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Oliver spent last Sunday with their parents at Centenary.

Summer has come at last and some of the people have already taken their summer flight. Those that haven't flown are preparing to do so.

D. W. Oliver, Esq., and daughter, Miss Flora, will leave Monday for Wrightsville (N. C.) Beach where they will spend a few weeks.

Date of this item not known, but was about 1905.

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#### Erratum

Vol. 5, No. 4, Oct. 1971

- P. 23 Abbeville, not in Horry was listed inadvertently among Prominent Planters and Farmers.
- P. 32 Credit F. G. Burroughs, B. G. Collins Began Business in 1865 to The Field, Conway, S. C., date unknown.
- P. 32 Report of Regular Meeting - July 12, 1971, states that the taping of Mr. Holbert's address established a precedent; however, during 1967, 1968, 1969, programs were taped, the tape recordings being one of the initial purposes and practices of the Society.

\* \* \* \* \*

From The Horry Herald, Conway, S. C., October 9, 1914

The watering trough used at the public well by the town hall is to be entirely removed this week and replaced by a metal drinking fountain. The fountain was purchased by the town authorities from the City of Charleston and the fountain is the same that has been used for a number of years in Washington Park in the City by the Sea. It cost the City of Charleston when new the sum of \$225.00. Charleston purchased a larger fountain of a different type and disposed of this one. It will dispose of constant leaks that have required much time and attention at the public well.



FLOYDS TOWNSHIP

John P. Cartrette

Among the earliest records in the Horry County Court house are grants of land to James Floyd of 1688 acres of vacant land in the District of Georgetown, S. C. They were dated 1785, 1787, 1796 and 1811, signed by William Moultrie, Henry Middleton, and Arnoldus Vanderhorst, Governors of S. C. The price for the first two hundred acres was 4 pounds, 13 shillings and 4 pence.

JAMES (JEMPSEY) FLOYD, son of the above was born 6-10-1800 and died 3-15-1885. His home was eight miles West of Green Sea, S. C. and about seven miles East of Nichols, S. C., in the Duford Community on S. C. Hwy. No 9 - South facing the Conway Wannamaker road.

He was a Methodist preacher; County Commissioner in 1834 of the Upper District of Kingston Parish (Horry County); a Magistrate and a farmer.

His large plantation was self sufficient - a cooper shop; a water mill; saw mill; whiskey still; hunting equipment; live stock; cotton gin. Cotton and flax were grown and sheep raised for raw material for making clothes. Also owned were shoe tools. The Daily Carolina Times in 1854, December 8th, listed all the Post offices in S. C. - in the Horry District: Bucksville, Conwayborough, Dogwood Neck, Floyds Mill, Lake Swamp and Little River.

Jempsey Floyd had ten sons and three daughters (one set of twins). Five sons lost their lives in the Civil War of 1860-1865.

Site of home was north of and adjoining the Floyds cemetery.

PRESENT OWNER CARROLL GRAINGER. NICHOLS, S. C. R.F.D. 2

VERIFICATION. ORIGINAL GRANTS ARE IN POSSESSION OF GRANDSON Thos. B. Jones, 904 Tenth Ave, Conway, S. C.

Sale of records of the four sales of his estate showed fractional currency was in use. See Probate Judges office Box 4, Package 6, Bundle 1 and Box 14, Package 26, Bundle 2.

THE FAMILY OF JAMES (JEMPSEY FLOYD) AND EDITH NICHOLS FLOYD.

A middle initial, either R or D appears on some faded records. He was called Jempsey to distinguish him from his father.

CHILDREN

Mary Floyd - 1st daughter born January 28th 1820, died 9-2--1822. This the tender bud was translated in Heaven.

Kezia Floyd - 2nd daughter born March 27th 1821.

Avorit Floyd - 1st son born April 29th 1822, died 1865 - Civil War soldier.

Hymuric Floyd - 2nd son born August 5th 1824, died March 23rd 1877.

James Rupe! Floyd - 3rd son born February 8th 1826 died March 15th 1885.

William Pinckney Floyd - 4th son born May 20, 1827, died 7th October 1864. Killed in the Civil War.

Nancy Floyd - 3rd daughter born Dec. 27th 1828.

Colin Floyd - 5th son born September 11th 1830. Died May 1863 - Civil War battle.

Ervin - 6th son born February 22nd 1832.

Kenneth - 7th son born October 2nd 1833.



Pleasant Floyd - 8th son born March 27th 1835, died from the effects of a wound at Manassas Plains on the 5th of September 1862.

Ava and Avery - 3rd daughter and ninth son - born Sept. 28th 1836. Ava died March 27, 1923. Avery in 1925.

Giles Floyd - 10th son - born June 20th 1838, departed this life in the service of his country at Laurel Hill church, 5 miles from Richmond, Va. on the 10th of August 1862.

The second wife of James Floyd was Elizabeth Hardy born May 31st 1825 and died November 10th 1906. They were married May 14th 1870.

Oath of Appraisers and Inventory of the Estate of James (Jempsey) Floyd dec'd was made by Avery Floyd, Admr in 1885. The widow Elizabeth Hardy Floyd was Administratrix.

#### FLOYDS TOWNSHIP

##### AVERY FLOYD HOME, FIRST ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

Located on the North side of Highway 9 about five miles East of Nichols, S. C. The residence was burned but a picture is available.

Mrs. Avery Floyd - nee Penelope Ophelia Williams, organized the first elementary school (In the memory of the oldest citizens) in a barn across the road from her home. The back upstairs room in her home was known as the long room and was used as a dormitory for students whose home was too far away to commute. Among them were the Privette sisters, Miss Rosa (married P. H. Sasser) and Miss Stella (married Mr. Ferd Bryant). Miss Ida Gilchrist from Mullins, S. C. was employed as Governess and Tutor. Mrs. Floyd taught the first Sunday school in her home. Later when a Methodist Church was built, classes were moved to it. She was Superintendent of the Sunday School until old age prevented her from attending.

Her son, Wilbur L. Floyd was the first Citadel graduate from Horry County, class of 1885. He taught schools at Little River, and Darlington, S. C. Then to Gainesville, Fla., where he later became assistant Dean and head of the Horticulture department of the University of Florida, promoting Citrus and truck growing. Floyd Hall is named for him. Another son Walker Floyd attended this school and owned and operated the first gasoline filling station in Dillon County. Her daughters Mrs. Bessie (Mrs. C. F.) DuBose and Mrs. Anna (Agrippa) Williamson and Miss Sally (Bright) Floyd attended Winthrop College and taught schools in the County. Also two other daughters Miss Lola Vencie (Mrs. Beverly C. Jones) and Miss Edith Roberta (Floyd) taught in the County.

Mr. Avery Floyd was one of ten sons and three daughters - the third daughter was his twin. He operated a cotton gin, rice mill and grist mill in connection with his farming.





Avery Floyd



Penelope Williams Floyd  
Avery's Wife



Avery Floyd's Home



James (Jempsey) Floyd's Home